The
COMMONWEAL

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Rôle of the New Big Three

SUMNER WELLES uttered a prophetic warning, May 18, worthy of the attention of every American citizen. His trained and sensitive mind detects an alarming trend in our current handling of international matters and in our national thinking. As our armed might grows, and the consciousness of our strength when combined with that of Britain and Russia, we tend to put more and more faith in a three (or with China, four) Power alliance to regulate the affairs of the world. And the closer in time the peace settlement coincides with a hard-earned military victory, the stronger the likelihood of deciding and completing the two as one.

At the same time, despite the Moscow and Teheran declarations, the passage of the Fulbright and Connally Resolutions favoring American participation in a world organization and other commitments in the same direction, no real steps toward the setting up of such an institution have actually appeared. The demand for the setting up of a United Nations Council now has been ignored, although as Mr. Welles says on the basis of his years of diplomatic experience, "The time to achieve international organization is before, not after the war." The absorption of everyone in returning as quickly and completely as possible to "normalcy" once hostilities have ceased is notorious. If we really mean to do something about an international organization to preserve the peace, we must inaugurate it now.

All this contrasts rather sharply with Forrest Davis's current articles on the Teheran Conference in the *Saturday Evening Post.* For Mr. Davis interprets the President's tactic as one of holding back political commitments to coincide with our progress in the field. Generally speaking a policy whereby our current military position limits the setting up of our political objectives. Yet Mr. Welles believes that the President would be responsive to concerted popular pressure in favor of the setting up of a United Nations Council without further delay. And he believes that the Polish border question could have been far more successfully handled by such a body than through the ineffectual representations to the Soviets which have so far been of so little avail.

But the temptation to leave all decisions to the new Big Three threatens dangers that are far more widesweeping. Settlements with little regard for the wishes and interests of the peoples in the smaller nations inevitably lead to future outbreaks. They engender widespread disillusionment, weaken resistance to Germany and Japan and jeopardize the whole outcome of this struggle against aggressive tyranny. Mr. Welles reminds us that never in history have armed alliances succeeded in keeping the peace for very long. In short, the method which seems to be the most direct, at the time the most efficient, and the most consonant with the possession of the military power to enforce unilateral or tripartite decisions, runs the grave risk of preparing directly the bases for another conflict.

The alternative to this threatened Big Three imperialism is genuine international collaboration, wherein privileges and responsibilities are proportionately shared by each of the United Nations to begin with. This may be founded on regional systems of States, as Mr. Welles suggests. But its success depends upon the establishment of a United Nations Council now.

An Unending Struggle

AMPLE EVIDENCE as to the presence of strong democratic forces in the Church since the beginning of the nineteenth century is presented in the May 15 issue of *Social Action,* published by the Social Action Department of the Congregational Christian Churches, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. (15c). Each issue of this progressive monthly is devoted to a single study and this time it is "The Catholic Church and Christian Democracy," by Don Luigi Sturzo.

The quest for social justice and political liberty, inspired by the loftiest Christian motives, has been present in country after country throughout this

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turbulent period in which the modern world was taking shape. And the work of Bishop von Ketteler in Germany, Montalembert, Lacordaire and Frederic Ozanam in France, Ventura and Serbati in Italy and many others culminated in the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. Of a similar bent were Cardinal Manning in London, Cardinal Mermillod of Switzerland and our own Cardinal Gibbons, who at Rome defended the American Knights of Labor against the charges of certain Canadian bishops. Also Don Sturzo's own Popular Party, the German Center Party (which had its progressive elements) and democratic counterparts in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, France, the Low Countries and elsewhere.

The evidence is plentiful. But the existence and success of these Christian leaders, these movements, the official Catholic enunciations of principles defending the freedom and well-being of the common man, can hardly be brought forward as a complete answer to the charge that the Church has too great a fondness for political authoritarianism. An honest historical appraisal must also include the terrific opposition that has confronted these noble champions of the people. And that much of this opposition has come from men in positions of authority in the Church; in certain tragic instances it has actually separated Christian democrats from the Church. When the Pope himself has spoken out in favor of these principles, how few have been willing to listen—let alone undertake the necessary action. Christian democracy—for want of a better term to express the aspirations of the articulate Christian worker—has been a force that has been making its presence felt during the past one hundred and fifty years, but only in the face of the most determined opposition.

American Picture

WE DO not read the Japanese language and even if we did we are not supplied with the morning papers from Tokio. Presumably they have pictures and, if one of them came in, we could look at the pictures and then get someone to translate the captions. Suppose a picture came in and it looked like this: a Japanese woman stands in a pleasantly furnished room. She is smiling—since she is Japanese, mysteriously. Before her is a table; on the table is a skull; near the skull rests her graceful hand. What would we say? The Japanese use skulls as paper weights? Or, in spite of the war, would we be generous? A Japanese maiden meditates on death; the Japanese and ancestor worship; the hero's homecoming? This head severed from the body, fleshless and dry, this skull, what loyalties did it represent, we would say, and what thoughts are in the other head, the living head? Instead of flowers this other still-life, and behind it the portrait—an odd composition. A strange art form to be in a newspaper.

Do the Japanese get our newspapers? Presumably they do not; we hope they do not. It is better to let them suppose what they would find in our newspapers if they could see them. Let them imagine that in an American paper there is a picture of an American girl looking just like the girls they saw when still they were provided with American motion pictures. The girl sits behind a table; on the table rests a skull; she is looking wistfully at the skull; with a pen in her hand she is perhaps about to add her name, "Natalie," to the signatures already on the skull—those of an American "Navy Lieutenant and 13 of his friends." Let the Japanese wonder why we print this picture, imagine our folk ways, our Christian folk ways. The mysterious West.

But let them never know that this picture was published in the American press in May, 1944. And that the caption said, "This is a good Jap—a dead one picked up on the New Guinea beach." *Life,* which does excellent work in favor of fair play toward Japanese Americans, publishes this pretty picture and comments: "The armed forces disapprove strongly of this sort of thing."

Home Is the Traveler

THE episode of Father Orlemanski's visit to Stalin seems now to be closed. After the flurry, the net result is to the good. Father Orlemanski is himself reinstated, and we have as an historic document a categorical statement signed by Joseph Stalin asserting that a policy of persecution and coercion of the Catholic Church is "inadmissible and precluded" and that cooperation with the Pope "in the matter of struggle against coercion and persecution of the Catholic Church" is "possible." Of course such an assurance means little unless it is translated into action; yet it provides Catholics with a strong moral weapon. Unfortunately the handling of this whole matter leaves us all with a feeling of bafflement, which tends to make us overlook the plain fact of its positive outcome. Soon the bafflement will be forgotten; that which has been achieved will be remembered.

Politics in Canada

THIS IS a report, not an editorial. At least I shall try to keep it as free of editorializing as is possible. It is a report restricted to political developments in Canada, a matter to which Americans generally pay far too little attention, for Canada is a rapidly growing country, with considerable possibility of growing even more when the war is over, and with resources and raw materials which we shall doubtless want to buy from

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her in a none-too-distant future; which indeed we are now buying from her and which in several important departments of our war effort are of crucial importance. I need only name nickel, aluminum, manganese, uranium, wood pulp.

Canada is very much stirred up politically. Nor is this excitement limited to the tension between French- and English-speaking Canadians. There is a great deal of irritation at the United States, a great deal of fear of our power and our imperialism. President Roosevelt is definitely viewed as the most desirable next president, but even he is regarded as being an imperialist. Thus it seems to me a safe judgment that never in recent history has the United States been less popular with all kinds and classes of Canadians than it is at present. In the May issue of the *Canadian Forum,* there appears the first of a series of short articles by Virginia Irving entitled "Lest We Forget Latin America." This periodical is the Canadian equivalent of our own *Nation, New Republic, New Leader.* It cannot be accused of reaction nor of any tendency toward excessive nationalism. In discussing Mexico Miss Irving remarks, "Mexico can help us because she has had much the same problems with the United States as we shall be having here in Canada." The implication is perfectly clear.

There is another—and closely related—sphere in which all Canadians are interested. This is the economic organization of their country. Of course the moneyed interest is just as much afraid of anything it chooses to call "socialism" and is just as much a partisan of "free enterprise" as in the US. The people, however, and by this I mean individual laboring men and farmers, give the impression of being far more intelligently interested in social and economic questions than are Americans in the same categories. This is perhaps the result of greater cultural and linguistic unity in Canada than we have in the United States. Eighty percent of all Canadians speak either French or English and come of either French or British ancestors. The remaining twenty percent are polyglot. Compare these figures with equivalent percentages in our own country. Perhaps a further reason for widespread popular interest in such questions is the existence of well organized and competently managed radio forums, to which "listening groups" all over the Dominion contribute by discussion and comment. Whatever the reason, the interest and concern are patent even to a casual visitor.

The tension between the French- and the English-speaking continues. But it seems to me somewhat less acute than it was a year ago. Admittedly this is more a feeling on my part than it is testimony based upon specific evidence. Perhaps part of the reason lies in the split in the French nationalist party, Le Bloc Populaire. Originally this group included Maxime Raymond, representing the sea-green incorruptibles among French Canadians opposed to the present war, as well as the remnants of a group formed by Paul Gouin for purely provincial purposes which went under the name of "Action Liberale Nationale." This latter group some months ago separated from the Bloc. It remains to be seen how much the Bloc has been weakened by this.

No one knows except Mr. Mackenzie King whether there will be a general Federal election in Canada this year. The Canadian system, of course, is patterned on the English, with elections coming as a result either of a government defeat in the House, or as a result of the lapse of a specific number of years. In wartime, however, a government may remain in power indefinitely as long as it retains a majority. Mr. King is a Liberal and a very smart politician. Obviously he does not want to resign as Prime Minister. Hence his action with regard to an election will be determined entirely by what chances he thinks his Party might have of winning that election. The best thermometer lies in the results of provincial elections, of which at least two will take place this summer. On June 15 the voters of Saskatchewan will decide who shall represent them in their provincial legislature. Prophets tend to think that the CCF (Canada's native brand of socialism) is likely to be the victor in this province. The second election (in which women vote for the first time) is far more important and will take place in Quebec—at least all signs point to it. Quebec under the Constitution always supplies 65 members to the Dominion House of Commons. Quebec has long been Liberal. If the Liberals carry the provincial election, then Mr. King is far more likely to call for a general election. And the Quebec Liberals have been very smart indeed. They have made a good record as far as public welfare is concerned; and they have played a trump card in the economic game by setting up a provincial Hydro-Electric Commission, somewhat similar to that which has long operated in Ontario, and by expropriating and turning over to this Commission the properties of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company—an outfit with $210,000,000 assets. This has proved a very popular move (why, one wonders, has it been almost completely ignored by the American press?) and already gives promise of lower electric rates in the most thickly populated area of the province. Hence the thing to watch is the Quebec election. If Premier Godbout wins, probably there will be a Federal election, retaining Mr. King in power but with the CCF or the "Progressive Conservatives" —more likely the former—as His Majesty's Loyal Opposition.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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London Commentary

The British look at the Russians, the Germans . . . the Jews

J. L. Benvenisti

A NOTICEABLE change of attitude is coming over our Left wing press in regard to Russia. The tone is still friendly and even admiring—justifiably so in my opinion—but a definite issue is being made of the rights and freedom of small nations, and of their right, if they so desire, to combine in a federated Europe, a matter concerning which such papers as the *Tribune* are beginning to be courteously critical of our ally. This is really all to the good, for the fanatical adherence on the part of the mass of working people to the doctrine of Russian impeccability in every detail and in every particular, has been one of the most disturbing trends of our time. The reason for it is complex and elusive, but I think it is partly to be discovered in the fact that, despite all the nonsense it contains, communism, almost alone of all major political creeds, really does deal with the question of the individual in relation to his work. Communism gives him status and gives his effort meaning and significance. The fascist creeds do this too, of course, up to a point, but they have so much of the element of naked tyranny mixed up in them, and do such violence to normal instincts, that they are utterly unacceptable. Meanwhile our democratic ideologies tend simply to ignore this matter, and some of our ablest journalists have still failed to grasp that the contemporary social problem is not an economic problem at all, but a moral and psychological one.

Probably, however, the prevailing enthusiasm for Russia can only really be understood as a form of religious experience. The Russian idea is felt as the mainspring of a new vitality which suddenly makes life worth while, and this feeling is reinforced by the amazing performance of the Russian armies. Professor Laski has put the thing admirably in his "Faith, Reason and Civilization." "It is, I suggest, impossible to doubt," he writes, "that the spectacle of Russian heroism in the two years of the struggle against Hitlerism has convinced the common man, all over the world, that there was a magic in the revolution of 1917 somehow adaptable to his own concerns. His knowledge of its meaning is small, his ability to give it institutional expression is, no doubt, still smaller. But whether it be Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Churchill, a pilot in a Spitfire or an ordinary private in the Eighth Army, there is a sense in him that, in some way—how perhaps he remains uncertain—Stalingrad is the resolution of a problem for him that he must solve or die."

That, indeed, conforms to my own experience after talking to many hundreds of units in the British Army. Stalingrad was the miracle that sustained and often created the faith, and was by millions accepted as a proof of its vitalizing power. That faith is, I believe, built on two main tenets. First, despite all appearances to the contrary, a burning belief in the worth and dignity, irrespective of color or race, of human personality, a fact most amazingly missed by those who see in Russia nothing but just another totalitarian state; secondly the realization, brought about by Russia's incredible performance both in peace and war, that man can beneficently master his destiny to a degree which so many of the assumptions of Occidental civilization still tend to deny. These are great and stirring ideas, nor is their force and validity in the least weakened, in the minds which they inform, by the less pleasing manifestations of Russia policy, by the Ogpu, the mass deportations, the perceptible disregard of the rights of small nations. Whether these things are or are not excusable—it is certainly not my intention to excuse them—is not here the point. The only thing to be said about them is that they appear irrelevant to the enthusiast, to whom Russia is not so much an institution as a way of life, and that they no more weaken the vitalizing power of what Russia stands for to him than the cruelties that stain the history of the early Church impaired for the believer the solace and splendor of the Christian revelation.

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Since the beginning of the war Lord Vansittart has been writing on the German problem in a particularly brilliant and persuasive manner. Some months ago he decided to add to this activity by sponsoring the organization of a movement known as the "Win the Peace Movement" which has, I understand, already spread to America. It still remains to be seen whether this decision was a wise one. Lord Vansittart's special merits are of a purely intellectual kind. He has deserved well of men by telling a truth which badly needed to be told and by telling it with a special and inspired

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eloquence, and because he used the printed word as his medium, he got at men's minds when they were in a quiet and reflective mood, and his effect on the shaping of opinion thus gave promise of being permanent. But the purpose of a mass movement must always tend to be, not so much the discovery and propagation of a truth, as the doing of some isolated and relatively limited thing, and Lord Vansittart's movement is no exception to the rule. Its professed object is the securing of twelve peace points which are well enough in their way, for they are designed to do little else than secure the complete and effective disarmament and the somewhat more vaguely conceived "re-education" of Germany. Indeed the worst that can be said about them is that we shall probably (*Stalino volente*) get them anyway without any help from Lord Vansittart. Unfortunately, however, a movement of this kind tends to generate an atmosphere of passion, and passion inevitably produces a reaction, and a reaction in this instance would be more fatal to the security of future generations than the absence of this or that piece of severity from the peace terms. There was ample provision for security in the Treaty of Versailles. The reason why that security did not materialize was that the provisions were not enforced, one of the reasons being that so many people were suffering from a guilty conscience because of the rather childish spite shown, not by the statesmen at Versailles, but by the mob and the newspapers at home. It is surely obvious that what matters most about the coming peace is whether we will be willing to sustain it twenty years hence, and the likelihood of our willingness to do that is in direct ratio to our equanimity at the time of imposing the terms. It is only fair to Lord Vansittart and his friends to point out that they are well aware of these dangers.

Among the more vehement of the opponents of Lord Vansittart's general aims is a certain group of Catholics who, through their control of one of our Catholic weeklies, exercise an influence out of proportion to their numbers. It is extremely odd that one of their chief arguments should be that to subscribe to Lord Vansittart's views implies lack of faith in the common man, which means, I suppose, that that mysterious entity the "German people" can be trusted always to do the right thing in a way that other Germans can't. Personally I think there should be heavy penalties for using that silly expression "the German people" at all. We are not fighting the German people any more than we are fighting the nazis. We are fighting the German nation, an organic entity with a certain recognizable pattern of behavior which has been always pretty much the same over the past hundred years. Apart from this, however, it is curious that just these gentlemen, of all people, should harp on the "common man" theme, for in so far as the common man may be said to have any views that are particularly his own, they have opposed them on almost every occasion. Many of them were enthusiastic about Mussolini while such enthusiasm was fraught with no particular danger, they are full of sympathy for Vichy and they are fervent supporters of Franco, and I cannot help marveling why those who have so little respect for the common man's judgment should have such inordinate confidence in his virtue.

★

There is, however, another curious thing about this little group of Catholics which is so zealous to defend and excuse Germany. I think it entirely right and proper that professing Christians should be rather more ready than anybody else to be charitable and lenient towards their enemies, but I cannot understand why these professed Christians should so often combine leniency toward the Germans with a quite singular uncharity toward the Jews. We have, of course, no organized anti-Semitism in this country, at least not at the moment, but I am well within my rights in saying that at least one Catholic paper which I have in mind shows, I feel, a distinct preoccupation with Jews combined with what strikes me as a perceptible dislike. The obvious forms of malice and abuse are, of course, eschewed, but the paper does not disdain certain crude little gibes and pinpricks (and this at a time when the Jews are going through an agony unprecedented in the history of nations) and there is a perpetual tendency to ram the proposition down our throats that "there is a Jewish problem"—by which the writers obviously mean something more than the existence of a purely political problem in the Near East.

Now it is, of course, perfectly true that in every country a certain fringe of the Jewish community has come from a very low cultural level, and that such people, working with the tenacity of despair, tend on occasion to push their way into social strata which are somewhat at variance with their habits. All this is obvious enough, and is admitted by none more readily than by the Jews themselves, and if you wish to dignify the occasional tensions which arise from this cause (all resolvable by a little patience and good will on both sides) by referring to them as "the Jewish problem," there is in a free country, I suppose, nothing to prevent you. But what I am utterly unable to understand is why the people who are insisting in season and out—and even at a time like this, when they might really temporarily desist from saying or implying that Jews are unusually difficult or unpleasant sort of folk—that there is a "Jewish problem," should so often be the very ones who deny that there is a German problem, that

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Germany really is a sort of cuckoo's egg among the nations with the long habit of very difficult and dangerous behavior. After all, the occasions on which in recent times the Jews have deliberately planned the organized massacre of their neighbors on the ingenuous grounds that "there are too few of us and too many of them," the occasions on which they have carried out on the territories of their neighbors organized campaigns of rape, massacre and pillage, have been so infrequent as to be historically quite negligible. But the Germans have preached these things, planned these things and done these things over a considerable period of time, and it seems to me that the word problem is about as charitable a term as you can apply to them.

Indeed the use of this word in such a connection is rather in the contemporary fashion. A promising little boy gives evidence of his early indoctrination with the new morality by pulling the wings off flies and torturing the cat; a little after this he shows a pleasing evidence of the absence of outmoded inhibitions by declaring his intention of throwing his sister out of the window, and a little later still he does throw her out of the window. When the higher powers begin to move and start asking questions, we stand round and say, "Ah, a problem child!" Old fashioned people say that such an attitude errs on the side of excessive mildness, yet as a matter of fact that is precisely the attitude which people like myself would like to see adopted towards Germany. We would like to see it made plain that we are dealing with a nation whose dangerous dispositions have been proved, both by word and deed, a nation against which resolute precautions must be taken. That is all that I want and, so far as I am able to follow him, that is all that Lord Vansittart wants, and we say these things wholly without vindictiveness or malice. Yet when we behave like this we are told by the very people who write at such a time and in such a manner about the Jews, that we are not Christians.

As a matter of fact, there seems to me to be in the Gospels a very clear directive of what our attitude as Christians towards the Germans should be. It is contained in the words "Verily this sort cometh not out save by prayer and fasting," and the fact that so few have the necessary gifts of grace to live up to the implications of the text does not destroy the exactness of the analogy. For Germany really is a country possessed by an evil spirit in such a way that it is very difficult to hold the individual German wholly responsible. But there is no authority in the Scriptures for saying that a demoniac is not dangerous, or that nothing in particular need be done about him except to give him a kind word and to take him round the corner and buy him a drink.

Apropos of these anti-Jewish utterances, I am pretty authoritatively informed (though information on so obvious a matter is hardly necessary) that these things are deeply deplored by the hierarchy, and it is natural enough that they should be. I said just now that there is at present no organized anti-Semitism in this country. But these things have happened here in the past, and they are more than likely to happen in the future. There is bound to be some economic dislocation during the reconstruction period and a certain number of people with a grievance, and the very first thing that the German underground forces will try and do, if they are able to do anything at all, will be to foment feeling against the Jews. I do not suppose for a moment that the people whom I have in mind would knowingly further the kind of petty beastliness that will result from this. But their apparent determination never to let us forget that Jews sometimes have what they consider to be displeasing characteristics will not be without its effect, and when some wretched young Jew gets bashed and blinded in an East End side street, they will be unable to escape a share of the responsibility. In Heaven's name why must it just be Catholics—and sincere Catholics at that—who dip their feet into this river of shame.

When Silence Comes

". . . if at the end the poet turns silent, it is not that the song does not still ask to be born in him, . . . it is that the last partition of the heart has been attained."—*Maritain.*

Seeing the dead pheasant
packed in corrugated paper
and boxed for shipment
as an ultra-fashion present . . .
he was mute.

Remembering that an earlier day
he would have laid his flute
along his lips
and stroked a song
of plummet play,
he saw brown and white locked feather,
cold claws,
stiff bones pinched together.

He was dismayed
finding the nimble notes delayed.
He did not know
how deftly deep
the thoughts reap,
nor with what bright aching eyes
he would after watch
the sharp cleave
of pheasants through the skies.

SISTER MARY MAURA.

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William Penn and Isaac Penington

M. WHITCOMB HESS

WHEN Isaac Penington joined the Quakers about the middle of the seventeenth century something new was added to Fox's movement—a philosopher. In Penington the outcast group gained a scholar of high rank in England who provided a philosophic groundwork for the doctrine of the Inner Light which was to draw to the sect such intellectuals as Thomas Ellwood, Francis Mercury Van Helmont and Viscountess Anne Conway.[1] Further the Quaker philosopher's direct influence on William Penn, who became his son-in-law, and Samuel Jennings, his friend, the Quaker governor of New Jersey, and others who extended the sphere of the Penington teaching to the New World, was profound and far reaching. The great Philadelphian acknowledged his debt to his "dear Friend and Relation" in his preface to the writings of Isaac Penington published in London after the Quaker forefather's death in 1679. "To the glory of the living God," Penn declared in the course of his fervent tribute to Penington, "and praise of this just man's memory, let me say that neither his worldly station, the most considerable of any that had closed with this way, nor the contradictions it gave to any former conceptions, nor the debasement it brought upon his learning and wisdom, nor yet that approach and loss that attended his public espousing of it, did deter him from owning and cordially embracing it."

Just ten years after Penington, William Penn likewise turned his own back on worldly power and position to become a Quaker; and during the second decade of the older Quaker's activities he and Penn worked side by side as ministers and writers for the movement. Penn also, as it is well known, had to bear "reproach and loss," being persecuted and imprisoned for his religious avowal, but not to the extent of his less noted father-in-law. For the latter was not only imprisoned many times, with several long sentences in those cheerless dungeons Reading and Aylesbury Gaols, but he was entirely deprived of his large inheritance as the eldest son of Sir Isaac Penington, one of the richest men of the Commonwealth.

Penn's father-in-law had been given a thorough education in England's best schools and universities[2] and he had a natural aptitude for metaphysics. Before his mysticism led him to the Quakers he had achieved a name for himself as a writer on religious and political questions. Son of the democratic, popular Sir Isaac, who was twice Lord Mayor of London and a member of the Long Parliament, he signed his articles Isaac Penington, the Younger; and the calm reasonableness of his arguments made him one of the most respected news commentators of his day. Born in 1616, he was forty-two years of age when he accepted the doctrines of Fox's "Friends of Truth" at a Bedfordshire meeting in 1658. Four years earlier he had married Lady Mary Springett, widow of Sir William Springett, whose daughter Gulielma was then eleven years old. Eighteen years afterward, in 1672, Gulielma Springett whom Penington had cared for as his own daughter was married to the first governor of Pennsylvania. William Penn was also to find in Guli's "Father Penington" a wise guide and constant friend. The Penns' first home at Rickmansworth was close to Woodside Cottage, the last home of the Peningtons. Three years before his famous son-in-law left for America, however, Isaac Penington died and was buried in the little Quaker graveyard, Jordans Field, where William and Gulielma were also to be brought to rest at last.

Above all the other Quakers Isaac Penington stands out as the great formulator of Quaker philosophy. If the dream was that of George Fox, its interpretation was primarily that of Isaac Penington. He gave the doctrine of the Inner Light philosophic respectability and at the same time he gave himself a place in the Platonic succession. His teachings follow closely those of the founder of Neoplatonism, Plotinus, with whose philosophy he was indubitably familiar. But he has his own peculiarity and charm of expression which add new emphasis to the old mystic doctrines. For example, instead of saying with Plotinus: "Consciousness of the One comes not by knowledge but by an actual Presence superior to any knowing." Isaac Penington gives us the same truth in such words as the following, which make that "Consciousness" one with knowing: "The Light is not to be comprehended, but gathereth into itself and comprehendeth," or, "The immediate voice of Christ in the Soul alone can quicken the Soul to God: and till the light of life shine immediately from Christ in the heart, the true knowledge is never given." Again, Plotinus may stress the fact that "Light is visible by light," but the Quaker philosopher who states that "light both outward and inward manifests itself by its own shining" has drawn thereby a distinction between the outward and inward forms of truth which has not been so satisfactorily made by his predecessor. "All Truth," Penington exclaims, "is a shadow except the last: but every Truth is substance in its own place though it be but a shadow in another place; and the shadow is a true shadow as the substance is a true substance." Potinus, on the contrary, feared the Outer.[3]

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There is little wonder that Milton is said to have had a great deal of respect for Isaac Penington, or that Henry More, the eminent Cambridge Platonist, should have written "there's none reads more like a downright good man" that the Quaker Plotinus. Thomas Ellwood who was Penington's protégé and who left his coveted post as

[1]See the "Conway Letters, The Correspondence of Anne, Viscountess Conway, Henry More and their Friends, 1642-1684." Marjorie Hope Nicolson, Yale University Press, 1930.

[2]The wording is Penn's. Neither he nor Ellwood (who were impressed alike by Penington's learning and education) specify *which* "schools and universities."

[3]See my book "The Name Is Living," Willett, Clark and Co., 1936; also my articles, "A Quaker Plotinus," The Hibbert Journal, Vol. xxix (1931), pp. 479-486; and "The Message of Isaac Penington, English Mystic," The Friends Quarterly Examiner, No. 299, Seventh Month, 1941, pp. 221-230.

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reader to Milton to become the tutor of the Penington children said after his master's death that the philosopher's daily talk was with words "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." It was Ellwood who compacted in seven words the quintessence of a perfect eulogy when he said of his spiritual father, "I think not of him without delight." The "downright" goodness More saw in Penington was of the heart no less than of the mind. His fellow Quakers who all wrote personal tributes to their leader for the memorial volume containing his chief works speak with one voice of that quality in Penington which was expressed in what Wordsworth calls the "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

For Penington's zeal was precisely like that of St. Francis of Assisi—for men rather than for humanity, for Christ rather than for Christianity. To the early English Deists such as Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Penington's older contemporary who taught the Stoic doctrine of determination of the particular by the universal, he had just this to say:

"Take one word from me, ye to whom it belongs: all ye that cry up universal love from the sweet sense of its image, ye shall one day know that one act of particular love from the true Nature exceeds this in its utmost extent."

Throughout his writings—his apostolic letters, tracts, articles and books that flowed so freely from his pen and were circulated in seventeenth-century England and America—he gives clear evidence of having gazed on much the same vision of truth as the great Greeks and their successors. And he who arrived so unmistakably at "knowledge beyond what words could utter" also wished others to come to his living source of truth. He insists in this connection that both reason and "knowledge in the letter" are instruments for man's use. Though he told his hearers over and over again that "a deviating from that from Reason came is sin" he was careful to add that reason itself is not sin. However, anticipating Sören Kierkegaard with whose mystic truth Penington would have been in full accord, the English Quaker denounced the rationalism that started in his own era and was to culminate in Kierkegaard's time as a form of the "corrupt reason" which he believed authored by the devil, and which he decried as being the same kind of "knowledge without life" that had brought about the tragedy in Eden.

★

His political and polemical works are filled with epitomes of philosophical fact and experience. Penn who calls his friend and counselor "one of a thousand—zealous yet tender, wise yet humble" also describes him as a valiant of Israel who was bold as a lion, "yea as warlike as a champion" in defending truth against its travestiers. He had a lively and ready wit that sometimes found expression in gentle-appearing yet really acid irony. In his pamphlet against the Boston Court for its laws of banishment and death for the Massachusetts Quakers in 1660 he put the following question to the Puritan magistrates: "Did ye flee the persecuting Spirit in England or only your own persecutions?" For a pompous adversary who accused him of ignoring the evil inherent in the "body of flesh" he wrote: "What does he mean by the sinful body? The Body of Flesh is within."

William Penn named Isaac Penington the apostle to the "ignorant learned"—all who made a profession of religion without knowing its living reality: "His fervent labor to remove the obstructions was with such tenderness, yet such great clearness, that I may venture to style him their apostle; for, as in almost every meeting, so in every book, the bent of his spirit was toward them." He called these professed Christians "wise in the letter but strangers to the life," and though he told them that they were so far from the true light that they could not discover the darkness of the night, or said in a moment of exasperation with their stubborn worldliness: "But the seed of the Kingdom is little, and ye are great—how can ye enter into it?" yet he was to spend over twenty years trying to correct their distorted notions and instil in them right knowledge about what religion really is. From these polemics religious literature gained some valuable contributions; but both before and after joining the Quakers Isaac Penington wrote voluminously and his influence went far outside the movement proper.

The philosopher's influence on John Locke, for example, was certainly carried over into Jefferson's principles of political freedom as expressed in our Declaration of Independence. In a Penington article that appeared in the year 1653 while Locke was a student at Oxford under the liberal John Owen we find advocated the "circumscribing of power within such bounds as the people, for whose sake and benefit government is, shall think fit to confine it unto for their good and security." Here in a single sentence also he goes straight to the heart of the perennial political problem when he says that absoluteness in government is best in itself "but limitation is safest for the present condition of men." A century and a quarter later the idea that governments exist for securing the welfare and happiness of the people was taken as fundamental by the founders of our republic.

But more directly and intimately affected by Penington's theory of political equality was his great statesman son-in-law, the man who founded Pennsylvania. William Penn, of course, is not the only political ruler who had the benefit of a philosopher's counsel. It is remembered that Plato once tried making a philosopher-king of the young tyrant of Syracuse, Dionysius; but Plato was forced to leave the Sicilian court in despair if not in danger of his life. Nor could Aristotle as royal tutor to Alexander of Macedonia save his princely protégé from the excesses and infamies that strewed the path of his military conquests. Plato and Aristotle, however, held to the pagan notion of the division of the human family into special classes of superior breeds, slaves and barbarians, of whom the latter were to be kept in check by the military authority of the former, while Christian ethics demands recognition of the equality and freedom of all persons. And the political theorist taught by Isaac Penington knew how to apply his principles of justice and good will. In spite of the frank skepticism of the Old World politicians regarding the success of Penn's treaty with the Indians, those savages

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with whom the Quaker had to deal kept the pledge: "To live in love with Onas [Penn] and his children as long as the sun and moon shall endure." Voltaire observed that the Indian's treaty made with the sons of Onas "was the only one ever made without an oath and the only one that never was broken."

Isaac Penington's doctrine regarding the living quality of truth and his insistence that one generation neither should nor can bind another with paper documents was a leading principle with William Penn also. On giving his people their constitution he told them simply, "Friends, if in the constitution by charter there be anything that jars, alter it!" For the Philadelphia Quaker and his philosophic preceptor alike believed that truth is in its nature the same everywhere and that from God alone comes our knowledge whether of metaphysics or politics: "Like the Manna in the wilderness," Penington taught, "Truth daily comes down from Heaven, and must daily be gathered fresh." With Joubert both Isaac Penington and William Penn realized that mankind will believe no one but God and that he only can persuade mankind who believes that God has spoken to him. The remarkable code that Penn drew up for Pennsylvania with its religious liberty for all and its general principles of universal justice (which, among other provisions, exempted the two hundred offences then capital in England, making wilful murder the only crime punishable by death) is in sharp contrast to the code written by the first Earl of Shaftesbury and John Locke for the Carolinas. The latter rested on the assumption that privileged classes are necessary in a state, and it was to prove an utter failure in the New World. But Penn was not so much ahead of his times as he was practical in his application of Christian belief to governmental procedures. His code, indubitably, was the direct fruit of the civic teaching of his father-in-law, the philosopher Isaac Penington.

Communications

THE *READER'S DIGEST*

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I must protest certain statements and implications in your article on the *Reader's Digest* in your May 12 issue.

The writer, Mr. James Rorty, says it is regrettable that the liberal American press delayed in criticizing the *Digest,* and states that it was the *Daily Worker* "which launched its attack in the fall of 1943." He also states: "The *Daily Worker's* crusade was followed by a number of obviously derivative attacks on the Digest appearing in the *New Masses,* in *In Fact,* and in Mr. Len. De Caux's *CIO News.*"

You, will see from the files of *In Fact* that my first exposé of the *Reader's Digest* is dated November 16, 1942. If Mr. Rorty is right in saying the *Daily Worker* started its attacks in the fall of 1943, then it is obvious that it followed me by a year. But Mr. Rorty is wrong in even this simple fact. The truth is that I ran the first exposés of *Reader's Digest.* Numerous newspapers and magazines have since followed me and it is typical of Mr. Rorty, who used to be a radical himself, to redbait and smear the publications which have done so. I shall always be proud of the fact that the entire labor press of America followed my November 16, 1942, exposé of the *Digest,* and that publications of all political views, from the Democratic *Louisville Courier-Journal* to the communist *Daily Worker,* supplemented my facts. (The DW, incidentally, followed me within a few weeks, in the fall of 1942 and not 1943.)

Also: it is not "Mr. Len. De Caux's *CIO News,*" but the CIO News, official organ of the CIO, edited by Mr. Len De Caux.

None of the foregoing facts, however, are a tenth as important as the main fact about the *Reader's Digest,* which Mr. Rorty deliberately suppresses. The main fact concerns the publication of pro-fascist articles, and this term naturally includes anti-labor articles. It also includes the fact that the *Digest* has as a senior editor Mr. Paul Palmer, who was owner of the *American Mercury* and its editor, and that Mr. Palmer bought a series of articles by Mr. Lawrence Dennis, these articles being of a pro-fascist nature. Mr. Dennis is now on trial for sedition. Mr. Palmer has never replied to hundreds of letters to the *Digest* asking about this former activity in publishing the one admitted intellectual fascist of America. The *Digest* owner, Mr. DeWitt Wallace, in reply to charges that he published articles in favor of Franco Spain and nazi Germany, replies by sending tear sheets from his magazines showing he also published articles on the "other side" of both these political systems. He cannot of course deny the obvious fact that certain pro-fascist articles have appeared in his columns.

There are other misstatements of fact in the Rorty article and indications of such bias and prejudices as to invalidate it entirely. This is my opinion; but I believe that all the rest of this letter is factual. . . . These facts are (again, in my opinion) much more important than any mentioned in your long article, and certainly much more important than the redbaiting and smearing which Mr. Rorty, a former radical, nowadays always injects in his writings.

GEORGE SELDES.

SPAIN

Emory University, Ga.

TO the Editors: Congratulations for your forthright and badly needed comments of May 12 issue as regards *Our Sunday Visitor* and its attitude toward Franco. The influence of *OSV* is even greater than its circulation figures indicate, because in many small parishes it is the only Catholic periodical on current affairs that is read. In addition to this an appeal from the pulpit is made in many churches once a year for support of *OSV,* and it is frequently acclaimed as a paper "giving the Catholic point of view and facts not printed in the secular press."

OSV has its right to its editorial policy which, however, is to my mind reactionary in the extreme; but it has no right to misstatement of facts. I protest the pontifical air of the editorials which would seem to slate anyone in disagreement to Hell fire and damnation

MRS. JAMES L. MORRISON.

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The Stage & Screen

Dream With Music

NIGHTMARE With Notes. The playbill stars Vera Zorina, features Joy Hodges and Ronald Graham, and otherwise numbers twenty-seven specialists. Cast of fifty-odd, chorus of thirty, ten different sets. The cacophony is based (they say) on themes from Saint-Saens, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Schubert, Beethoven, Weber, Grieg, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Wagner, Chopin, Gluck, Schumann, Dvorak, Haydn, and Tschaikowsky. The credits list is fifteen lines long in eight-point type. There is no book. There is the beginning of a satire dealing with a career-girl, writer of radio soap opera, falling into the dream of Scheherazade, and of course playing the lead.

It takes a long time. I can remember nothing except an agonizing scene filled with a number of un-innocent yet unsatirical velvet animals, all of whose lines are fairly smutty and not funny—not funny at all. Then, Zorina. Some ten years ago, in Hartford, Connecticut, when I first saw Balanchine's work, I thought it really interesting in its extreme physiological analysis. Later, in "On Your Toes," he travestied himself, a new thing and one of the hit spots in a good show. But here, designing for his wife, it is almost impossible to say whether it is his own decadence or her deficiency as a ballerina which has produced the strange Laocoon-like result display. In the chief ballet number of the evening, the dancer has five young men who make her every gesture, support her on the ground in a variety of tangled postures, fly her through the air, and finally, form a sort of couch for her temporarily to die on; after which, they get up and go away. I am unsure of the worth of this. As a dancer, I think Miss Zorina is most satisfactory, perhaps, not on her toes. Her preparations—those small movements approaching a *tour*—always seem a little obvious, and she is not light. She is, however, most coldly, whitely, perfectly beautiful and here again, she is ill-served by the proceedings. Her lines are incongruously vulgar, and she is made to sing, which is silly. Everyone is made to sing and dance, but as there are no songs, and as all the girls are done up in endless and terrible wimples, and thickly curling shoes, the effect is singularly unhappy. There is also an on-and-off, next-to-nude, small chorus, but nobody seemed to know why, and I didn't care.

Now, here's the trick. If any one of the innumerable movers of this show had bothered to read even the Andrew Lang children's version of the Arabian Nights, they might have had something. The lovely, silly, enchanting story-within-the-story business—the most perfect take-off for a satire on radio serial stuff—was never touched on at all. It seems to me even a catalogue of properties and symbols from one of the tales must somehow or other have inspired someone to style rather than money.

I think of the account of the divisions of the city in "Paribanou," of the description of the roses and the Indians which is a complete number in itself—pure or parody—and for which anyone could fangle music and verses. They call this a dream, but nobody *dreamed* anything—everybody simply got his name down. If he demonstrated nothing else by his single-handed authorship of the gigantic "Winged Victory" this season, Moss Hart proved that one man able to complete his own idea, and with the authority to command talent, can produce business. For a musical, a composer and a librettist are essential, and there is *no other starting point*: not money, not names, not crossed fingers, rabbits' feet, nor contempt. Not size, noise, commotion, promotion, reputation, or girls. Or dirt. Certainly, it is my job to protect you from paying either time or tickets for this sort of million, colossal lurch; but just in case any of you should be unlucky enough to get stuck, I do most earnestly hope you will not forget it. Most of all, I hope you will not forget it *out loud*—up and down the street, in and out of town. Let *your* money talk, for a change. (*At the Majestic.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

That Boat on the Styx Again

ONE OF the first books I ever reviewed was Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound." I was quite impressed with this pleasant, rather sentimental tale about a group of people on their voyage out of this world into the next. Then I saw the play and was still more impressed with its warmth and delightful fantasy. Then in 1930 came the movie.

That appeared during the confused period of cinema when talkies hadn't quite hit their stride, when they were static and likely to present a stage success as a filmed play. But even with its uncinematic qualities, this version of "Outward Bound" had a certain charm and eerie atmosphere as its boat load of people slid into the hereafter. This first film version also had a glittering and extremely capable cast, including such well-known folk as: Leslie Howard, Helen Chandler, Beryl Mercer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Alison Skipworth, Dudley Digges—most of whom stood around and talked a great deal as in the manner of movies in 1930.

Now another Hollywood cast is standing around and talking its way through "Outward Bound." This time, the film is called *"Between Two Worlds,"* and it's just as well that the title has been changed; for although this movie still has a story about a group of people on their afterdeath voyage out, it no longer has the fable-like quality or vague unreality and charm of the original book, play or movie.

The whole is now brought up to date and re-done in the modern manner. Daniel Fuchs's script is on the tough side with plenty of slang and realistic lingo. Carl Guthrie's photography is hard and clear. No gauze or mist softens our vision. We see the events in the light of day just as clearly and really as we see the bombers drop their bombs in "The Memphis Belle." But the point about "Between Two Worlds" that makes it most different from former stage or screen versions of "Outward Bound" is that now we meet the characters before they get on the boat—when they are still alive. This starts us off on a note of grim reality that is never quite lost; in fact, it

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makes the subsequent voyage on the death ship seem more giddy than fantastic.

The characters (and they're always just characters, not people) are waiting in a shipping office of an English port before being driven in a car to the transatlantic liner that is to take them to America. The time is the present. As they get into the automobile, the sirens sound. Enemy planes drop their bombs. The car's occupants are killed and are next seen on the ship. We had a taste of each character's personality in the waiting room. Now we get a lot of talk, practically no action and large doses of type and personality stuff as each of the ten passengers reveals enough about his past to make us follow the Heavenly Examiner's distribution of justice. There were seven passengers, including the two "half-ways," on this ship in the original play. Three characters have been added, no doubt to give a more complete cross section of assorted types and to make the drama more complicated. Some of the exposition, particularly in regard to the situation on the ship, becomes a bit tiresome, especially for anyone who knows the story. The two big scenes are still those in which the passengers realize that they are all dead and the later one showing the arrival of the Examiner (Sydney Greenstreet) who assigns the various members to their eternal destinations.

Needless to say the theology throughout the film does not follow any of the standard brands. Somehow heaven, hell and purgatory are all mixed up in a hereafter in which one lives in a sort of a continuation of the present. The hard-drinking, loose-living, wise-cracking newspaper man (John Garfield) will spend his time learning to see himself as he was. The cheating snob (Isobel Elsom) is confined to a large castle—utterly alone. Her husband will spend his time with his old cronies in a kind of heavenly club. The once-powerful wealthy business man (George Coulouris) will suffer as he indeed made others suffer.

The good clergyman (Dennis King) will continue his same job. The demi-mondaine (Faye Emerson) will go back to the clean living of her middy blouse days. And the mild, motherly little housekeeper (Sara Allgood) renounces her idealistic rose-covered cottage to care for the cynical newspaper man. The "half-ways" (Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker) it turns out are not really dead. Attempting suicide, they are on the ship only temporarily and the Examiner gives them another chance by returning them to life. Suicides, according to Mr. Vane's scheme of things, go on and on in the hereafter in a kind of limbo. The steward (Edmund Gwenn) on this ship was a suicide and it is his lonely job to serve in this capacity continuously with group after group.

It is difficult to figure out why Warner Brothers remade "Outward Bound." Perhaps they thought a new generation of movie-goers might be intrigued by its story. Or perhaps they thought these troubled war times call for films about death and hereafter. Maybe they are right on both scores, but this modernized version as directed by Edward A. Blatt is not the "Outward Bound" we once knew and enjoyed.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Editors' Choice

NATIONAL PRINCIPLES OF LAND USE. *Edward H. Graham. Oxford.* $3.50.

LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND. *Sir Osbert Sitwell. Atlantic, Little.* $3.00.

THE LAND OF PRESTER JOHN. *Elaine Sanceau. Knopf.* $2.75.

Farming and Wild Life

IN THE PAST few years there has been a spate of volumes on how to dig up a backyard, grow your own vegetables and add in a modest way to the local food supply. The virtues of lightening the soil with sand or anthracite coal ash, of manufacturing one's own compost from flower stalks, grass cuttings, maple leaves (and kitchen garbage if the family will stand for it), of building up the soil, have been engagingly extolled in half a dozen recent books for home-lot gardeners. There is little need for any more. Ample advice for the man who wants to buy and operate a farm is also handy. Edward H. Graham's book is for none of these. "Natural Principles of Land Use" is rather for rural or regional planners, for full-fledged farmers or for anyone interested in an intelligent, fully rounded approach to producing on the land.

Yet the book is non-technical in presentation; it includes a handsome and inspiring series of before-and-after halftones, and certain bits of information that would be fascinating to anyone. Take the important problem of counting wild life, fish and insects through tracks in the snow, singing birds, nests, droppings, fishermen's tales, insect traps and nets and sample egg counts. Or analyzing the coyote's diet by collecting 8,000 coyote stomachs from 17 different states, to determine how comparatively few sheep and goats he eats in comparison with the harmful insects and wild life he takes in. Or putting regular commercial fertilizer on a fish pond to increase its yield to over 200 pounds per acre.

The emphasis here is on nature as a whole, on the whole aggregate of soil, wind, weather, crops, trees, brush, insects, birds, mammals. No one factor should be considered without taking into account its relation to all others. Hedgerows and windbrakes have an important rôle in soil and wildlife conservation. By its past history as well as its present use the best utilization of each acreage should be determined. Instead of expensive "direct combat" against plant and insect pests and wild animal depredations, the author recommends informed, intelligent management of the land. He points with glee to a project, for instance, where in three years crested wheat completely smothered a thick stand of persistent weeds. Right land use automatically cuts down the scourge of various pests, and it is the cheapest method of control.

We can no longer afford to be so prodigal with our land resources. The striking contrast between our grasslands of 400 years ago and the dustbowl which covers the same area today shows what we have to repair. Castañeda, the sixteenth century Spanish explorer, tells how a vast company of 1,500 Indians and servants, 5,000 rams and ewes, 1,000 horses and 500 cows "in traveling over those plains would leave no more trace when they had passed than if nothing had been there—nothing—so that it was necessary to make piles of bones and cow dung so that the rear guard could follow the army. The grass never failed to become erect after it had been trodden down, and although it was short, it was as fresh and straight as before."

Great Houses

SIR OSBERT SITWELL'S first volume of memoirs must provide, unfortunately, occasion for some tedious remarks on snobbishness. "Left Hand, Right Hand" is concerned with the rich, with great houses, ancient families, the lawns before the houses—the statues, the vistas, the lakes—the servants in the houses, the architects of the houses, the French tapestries, the family group by Copley and all the business of having a companion piece painted by Sargent, the titled relatives and ancestors—Lady Conyngham, the friend of George IV, Lord Albert "pronounced Orbert" and even a Sir Sitwell Sitwell—the journeys to visit the great houses of the relatives, the fantastic expenditures they all made on improvements, the past, the vestiges of the past still apparent. And all this in England. And all this occasionally as if it had existed, as if all the long complicated family history, unrolled for the sole purpose of providing our times with the talented Edith Sitwell, the talented Sacheverell (pronounced "Satchmo"?) Sitwell, the talented Osbert.

The snobbishness which, like a penny whistle would disturb the effectiveness of this book is not, of course, in the book, but in those who would disparage the book because of the material out of which it is built. We are all snobs about something, proud of having emerged from the insufferable stupidity of one small town or another, proud of having maintained a healthy vulgarity in spite of the prophylaxis of Harvard or the past, proud at having entered the great houses or at having left them. There is a particular American snobbishness—which is now ripening into a respectable matter of centuries—at having left the great houses of England, and so we struggle with the torn newspapers and the peanut shells in Central Park, but we call one of its main promenades the "Mall," and then there are the people who marry foreign titles, there is the "Social Register," there are the Colonial Dames, there was Henry James, and there is always this reverse snobbishness which wants to have its America and its Europe too. But all this is on the surface. When you say anything about snobbishness you are only touching the surface. Beneath lies the ancient problem of mankind's rise from poverty to wealth, from the immediately necessary to the best—in any object, in any life—and the ancient problem of finding some way by which this ascension is not the privilege of too few.

We built some great houses in America and they are going also into ruin along with the great houses of England. But the problem is not solved by their disappearance. You do not solve anything when the houses of the Hudson become hospitals and the driveways through the trees lead only to institutions, or when the Virginian houses crumble or are restored for occasional use by Northerners. The problem, which is man's legitimate and imperative desire to live surrounded by ordered and planned beauty, is not solved; it will emerge in communal attempts or in whatever plan may please you. The problem remains proposed to man's intelligence and, of course, ineradicable from his heart.

One could say more about it, but all that is needed here is to urge that its consideration (sociology, social justice,

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economics) must not interfere with a reading of Sir Osbert Sitwell's book. And if that is so, then, certainly, no unreasoning snobbishness must interfere. Osbert Sitwell—it is convenient to drop the title when speaking of his work—is a meticulous artist looking into his past and his family's past and relating his inheritance to what he is himself. The poetic content of Sitwell's past, England's past, he has had to recreate as deliberately as did Proust, for France's past, through place and family names.

It is therefore a poetic content in "Left Hand, Right Hand" which is available to the reader who displaces whatever screens his snobbishness or his social consciousness may interpose. Sitwell has a passage which alludes to the present source of his family's wealth, the mines near Renishaw, the family estate. "Then, as now, in the distance beyond the park, the great plumes of smoke would wave triumphantly over the pyramids of slag, down which, every now and then, crawled writhing serpents of fire, as the cinders were discharged from the trucks. After dark, this process at conjecturable intervals lit the whole night with a wild glory . . . and in the woods this sudden illumination gave an added poignance to the sylvan glades it revealed, causing the rabbits to be frozen for an instant into immobility. . . ." Here we see the cause—but only a partial cause — from which proceed the Copley, the Sargent, the lawns, the statues, Sir Osbert, Sacheverell, Edith, three artists of our day. It need not freeze us into immobility, forbid us the pleasure of this book.

Portuguese Greatness

IT IS hard for us today to realize the greatness of Portugal during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. That so small a country should have carved out for itself the first of the modern empires, should at one time have been the master of the Indian Ocean and therefore of the riches of India and of the spice trade, somehow seems incredible. And of course it is true that in the end Portugal's smallness proved her undoing, for to maintain the empire she had won constituted an impossible drain upon her human resources. Miss Elaine Sanceau has written the story of one episode in Portuguese history. It is the story of Portugal's relations with Abyssinia—perhaps the least remembered episode in this whole chapter of history. "The Land of Prester John" will hold a reader fully as much as a detective story; it is full of strange and wonderful matter. It tells the incredible story of how 340 Portuguese soldiers twice put to rout a Mohammedan army running into the thousands and thereby restored Abyssinia to its traditional Christian rulers. Nor was there in this campaign any tremendous advantage on the Portuguese side because of superior matériel. It is true that at the outset Dom Christovão da Gama had a few pieces of primitive artillery, and that was a help. But Turkish reinforcements supplied an even greater amount of artillery to his opponents, and although this lost him his last battle and his life, it did not lose him the war.

Miss Sanceau also tells us of mysterious mummified bodies which had remained for centuries in a hilltop monastery, of mountain fastnesses so naturally suited to defense that they were practically inexpugnable. She tells us part of the story of one of the greatest geniuses in colonial administration and war ever produced by Europe—the great governor, Albuquerque. And most entertainingly she details the endless jealousies and petty intrigues which constantly beset the Portuguese themselves. During their great centuries they seem almost to have been invincible, and yet they never could live at peace with each other. Finally she relates fully and at length the religious history of this strange interlude. The primary motive for Portugal's desiring to get in touch with Abyssinia lay in the stories current throughout the Middle Ages of a great and powerful Christian emperor cut off from the rest of Christendom by the power of the Crescent. Obviously it was desirable from a religious as well as a military point of view to reestablish contact with so potentially useful an ally. The trouble was to get at him. And the efforts expended in getting at him were on an heroic scale. When finally contact was made, the result was disappointing. In the long run Portugal had to shed her own blood to keep "Prester John" from losing his kingdom, and he in turn did nothing very substantial—because he could not—to help his deliverers. And then, worst blow of all, it was discovered that his Christianity was none too orthodox, and he persisted in clinging to his errors.

This led to the decision to send the Jesuits out to convert Abyssinia to the true Faith. Unfortunately for a Catholic reader, Miss Sanceau does not make it too clear what were the differences at issue. We gather that the Abyssinian view of the Trinity was not orthodox (it is not orthodox today). We gather likewise that the Abyssinians considered circumcision essential, and that they retained the Jewish Sabbath. But Miss Sanceau does not tell us whether the Jesuits merely sought to correct these errors, or whether they likewise sought to impose the Latin Rite. Of course a good deal of moral laxity had crept into the Abyssinian Church, thanks to the normal operation of human nature combined with isolation. Thus polygamy was a common practice among the well-to-do. But one cannot help suspecting that Abyssinian prejudice against reform may have been far greater because of the attempt to change more than required change, and the prevailing temper of the day certainly led to an over-zealous search for heresy. Her lack of clarity in this connection is the weakest aspect of Miss Sanceau's book.

More Books of the Week

Public and Private Government. Charles Edward Merriam. Yale. $1.75.

"BUT JUST government, public or private, is an end, whatever the forms of regulation or direction or cooperation. Behind political power are value, purpose, end—justice, liberty, order, security, welfare. Govern-

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ment itself may be a value, but a value leading to other value."

These sentences from Professor Merriam's book—originally a series of lectures given at Indiana University—seem to be simple, elementary, agreed upon truth. In fact one hardly dares to state them, on the theory that he may be embarrassed by saying the obvious, as though he had said, "I wear clothes." But if the present war has spiritual meaning, and if coiled up in it is the power to fix our cultural and, therefore, our political pattern for some years to come, these sentences must be slowly read.

For the fact is that whole millions of people regard them as being as free from truth as a radio script. To many they have as little relevance as a column by Louella Parsons. To more they are as infected with heresy as the worship of God. There are those who would die or would kill to deny them. For the totalitarian is a monist, whose tragedy is that he admits no values but political value.

But what, in these words, arrested the movement of my eyes was not that some deny what I take for granted. Rather, it was the knowledge that in my own country there are groups and men in whom these sentences ignite no fires, rush no blood, light no candles in the eyes. If the survival of democracy involves our generation, it is because we have lost enthusiasm for our own beliefs. The symbols and mythology that surround our creed of democracy cause us not even to raise our hands. The pennons of democracy do not stir where there is no slightest breeze. Our scepticism seems too deep for words. We are impotent with lassitude and weak with much frustration. And this is true not merely of ourselves. The centennial issue of the London *Economist* states our political need so well that, even in a book review, I am going to quote it:

> Consent is an essential element of any form of democracy; but it is a negative element, and one of the greatest needs of the twentieth century is to transmute it into something more positive . . . if [British institutions] are to measure up to the demands of the next few decades, they need to have generated behind them the explosive force of the active cooperation of a whole people . . . it has been left for our own age to show what enormous forces can be generated when the enthusiasm of a whole people is united with the technique of the modern state. . . .
>
> The task is, then, one of arousing positive enthusiasm for institutions which are now merely accepted. The British citizen *should* be an ardent participant in his public affairs; he *is* little more than a consenting spectator who draws a distinction between "We" who sit and watch and "They" who run the state. There is no lack of signs that he is unhappy in his rôle; the passion for Russia that has been such a feature of the last two years is probably to be interpreted less as an admiration than as an envy—envy of a country that is not frustrated. . . . It is difficult to see what is missing. . . . But, whatever the cause, it must be one of the chief labors of the next few decades to level the barriers between "We" and "They." This must be done not merely because it is just, but mainly because we cannot afford not to. Democracy in the twentieth century needs fire in its belly.

It is this sense of frustration that politically characterizes twentieth century life. To the degree that dictatorship has been received, rather than enforced, it is this frustration that accounts for it. It is precisely this that is frightening to those who uneasily contemplate our political future. For if public power is to pass into the hands of private groups this will, I think, in no little measure, account for it.

Professor Merriam, in noting the relations of public to private power, observes that through all our public and private institutions run the organization and direction of consent. But he fails to see how formal this consent actually is. Or how, coerced by apathy and spiritual languor, we have abandoned our participation, whether as citizens or as stockholders.

The whole point of the Berle and Means contribution to the modern corporation and private property was that ownership had yielded to management. Peter Drucker's "The Future of Industrial Man," a singularly unappreciated book, has shown that this change is the consequence of the deliberate cession on the part of owners (stockholders) of participating right. I have stressed the fact and the implications of Mr. Drucker's findings in an earlier review. I merely recall it here. But the point is that private ownership has abandoned its responsibilities to profit. And that public ownership is in danger of abandoning its responsibilities through apathy and lack of belief—or lack of fire in its belly.

Power exists among us who lay amiable claim to belief in democracy. But power is poor among us, and does not even sigh for former wealth. Labor organizers have a saying that the workers will get excited about things again when they have hungry bellies. Citizens no longer hunger and thirst after justice so much that they are willing to act to have it. We are like the men of an earlier generation who signed a Kellogg pact; we watch our government being stabbed to death because we lack the will to stop its bleeding. Belief is no longer deep enough for therapeutic action.

> The Sea of Faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath
> Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

Actually we exhibit a strange ambivalence towards this thing called democracy. We do not want to lose it. Like the ancient Hebrews, we would weep beside the wailing wall if it were dead. But we take no concerted, organized action to save it. We seem actually as if we did not care. We do not even hear its cries. Like the man in Arthur Koestler's dream, democracy is being murdered in the thicket—and we fondle our girl and go down the cement walk. Sometimes it seems as if we think that it can save itself, this thing we do not want to lose. Or that some seraphic guardians will not let it die, in spite of us. It is as though we believed, though we may not know he said it, what Bismarck held—that there is a special Providence for fools, drunkards and Americans.

I have written elsewhere of what seems to me to be the beginning of tremendous assaults by private power on public power. Big industry has captured a frightening amount of power in this war government of ours. And it is managing adroitly to coerce government to run the war according to its wishes. Robert S. Lynd has recently pointed out the case of 61 officers in the British Ministry of Supply who hold senior posts at a salary of £600 a year. And that the services of these 61 have been made avail-

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able by the Imperial Chemical Industries. This is a new form of privateering.

There is the new NAM "line" in our own government proved by the dissent in the Humble Oil Case. There is Weirton. And Sewell Avery, who now rejects the results of an election he fought to get. And, while it is still fresh, I want to point out that what the Avery case means is this: private power has forced the government of the United States to force elections on unions where it was already clear that a majority of the workers want the union. The mere existence of the contract proved this. Now any union is subject to being forced to go through the annoyance—obviously injuring industrial relations—of holding elections to prove what is already evident. Power is being captured by private, industrial groups in this country—and it is being held. And it is not being captured by people moved by justice and the common welfare.

Now it does not seem to me that Professor Merriam's lectures operate in a framework which admits these anxieties I have been expressing past his door. If these things are part of his knowledge, they are no part of his anxiety. "If I am charged," he writes, "with being an idealist, I admit it; if I am charged with being an optimist, it is readily conceded." Therefore, although he writes at some length about the relations between public and private power; about organization, its economics and its anthropology; he is nowhere concerned with the ways in which Americans must or can effectively organize themselves as a great center of resistance against this hungry, desperate bid for power. Nor does he tell us any way in which can be revived the faith and strength that seem to be his own (because his reverent eyes are closed?) but are not ours—that will illumine the spirit of our future, and start again the fire in democracy's belly.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

Radio Research: 1942-1943. *Edited by Paul F. Lazarfeld and Frank Stanton. Duell.* $5.00.

"RADIO Research: 1942-1943" is a bulky, yes, a very, very bulky book; 599 pages with diagrams, statistics, percentages carried out to infinity—or almost—for, even after having read the book with all its notes and appendices, I still do not know if 3.8 percent of women listen to broadcasts while they knit and 11.9 percent while they sweep. We live under the sign of the Inquiry, with its glorified statistics and its pseudo-mathematical precision. All this apparatus annoys my intelligence; must we really have so many instruments and such electrical detection and such Teutonic application? I know that Americans are very serious, diligent and conscientious. Yet this book gives me the impression that one can go too far in humility and in distrust of one's own judgment. I should have preferred it if the editors had counted a little less on their mechanical devices and a little more on their common sense and their capacity for intellectual analysis. After all, Professor L. B. Mamier, who is quoted in this volume, says: "Where is it [public opinion] to be found and how is it to be ascertained? . . . The rulers if properly chosen should be able to find the directive of public opinion *in their own consciousness* and feelings; and if they fail to find it there, they are not likely to ascertain it correctly by any other means." Even the best of things can be exaggerated, including the scientific approach—e.g., a young lady who obtains an M.A. in salad dressing.

The chapter on German propaganda would have been better had it contained fewer graphs and a deeper inquiry into the technique of lies, fear and hypocrisy; the chapter on the BBC might well give us a feeling of nostalgia for radio which is neither governmental nor commercial and which seems to have succeeded in developing conscious and democratic participation on the part of the public; toothpaste and chewing gum merchants will be well advised to study the reactions to their advertisements as diagnosed here, and follow the experts' advice. Two other chapters deserve particular mention: "The World of Today Time Serials" by Rudolph Arnheim, and "Biographies in Popular Magazines," by Leo Lowenthal. These two writers make a careful study (with perhaps less brilliance than shown by David Cohen in "Love in America") of these two literary forms which so deeply distort the characters they present together with the moral and social values of the innumerable American women who listen to them. Priests, teachers and political thinkers would profit greatly through reading these two papers.

These serials are the cultures in which germinate the whining women and the victims who write letters to Mrs. Hayworth and Dorothy Dix together with those beings who in political life are always looking for a "villain" and never, never, for the social, economic or institutional causes of disaster; people for whom life is not a brave and generous growth but a passive condition in which "breaks" and "disasters" just happen. Reading these analytical studies we find the reasons why so often "our formal moral education" is so ineffective; the very roots of our psychological and moral life have been damaged.

JEAN C. DE MENASCE.

Pills, Petticoats and Plows: *The Southern Country Store. Thomas D. Clark. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3.50.

"MISS susie haris i love you my dear girl you are the lark you are the stalk you are the darling of my hart I like to get a sweet kiss tonight." This succinct love-letter written on the back of a grease smeared store order must have brightened the day for Professor Clark, as much as we hope it once did for Miss Harris, when the Professor found it among the stacks of ledgers, daybooks, journals and order slips which he spent a year collecting for the library of the University of Kentucky. A picture of the author partially submerged in crates of material indicates the amount of matter condensed for this book, in which the chapter headings such as "10 Gross of June Bugs assorted"; "Admiral Dewey Corsets and Bon Ton Petticoats"; "Gentle Jackson in the Devil of a Fix"; "The Halt, the Lame and the Bilious" prove how gaily he has presented the result of his tiresome search among the dusty records. Yet even so, to the idle reader, it is like a tray with all the interesting ingredients but not the sponge cake.

A very few of the country stores of the South date back before the Civil War. It was after the breakup of the plantations into small farms that traveling pedlers began to grow roots at the crossroads and Northern manufacturers promoted store keeping with both capital and merchandise. When one potential merchant suggested he might go broke, the answer was, "How in Hell can you go broke when you ain't got nothing?" The logic was irrefutable and ex-soldiers, ex-planters, ex-farmers opened stores which became the banks, the clubs and the exchanges of their neighborhood. The general store was also the pharmacy. Patent medicines, then and now, play a pathetically important rôle in Southern rural life; the most in-

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teresting chapter tells the story of Thedford's "Black Draught" and McElree's "Wine of Cardui," both compounded from frontier herb formulas whose potency has made a fortune for the Chattanooga Medicine Co. It was just after Appomattox that two Union soldiers opened a stationery supply business in Chattanooga and soon acquired the bankrupt Chattanooga *Times*. In 1878, a young man of twenty-two from Knoxville was offered the paper for $800, but by 1880 his own hard work as editor had raised its value to $10,000. He bought it at that figure and also became Vice-President of the Chattanooga Medicine Co. His name was Adolph Ochs. *The Ladies Birthday Almanac* for Wine of Cardui and *De Voes Daily Weather Forecast and Calendar* for Black Draught linked the Chattanooga Medicine Co. to the original stationery business and local storekeepers, inserting their cards in the Calendars and Almanacs, used them for their advertising. By 1915, the Chattanooga Medicine Co. had 30,000 store outlets. The Almanacs are still the best selling "fiction" in the South, where the salt pork, and hot breads make "Black Draught" a chronic necessity. The "white" diet and one-crop cotton farming are the skeletons which keep falling out of Dr. Thomas' cheerfully labeled closets. As one farmer once pointed out in a letter to his mule, it was the mule who had a far healthier and happier life than his master. That is what would have flattened the author's sponge cake—had he baked it, but the material is well worth the collection.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Germany: a Self Portrait. Harlan R. Crippen. Oxford. $3.75.

AFTER having been treated to anthologies of pre- and pro-nazi writers for years, written for the purpose of proving that nazism was just a virulent form of Germanism, this book tries to show that not all Germans are like that. It has, however, original quality, as it is really a history of Germany from the Kaiser's days on, from the standpoint of a leftist, interspersed with more or less sigficant excerpts from writers like the brothers Mann, the communists and socialists Luxemburg, Bredel, Brecht, Plivier, Langhoff and Lania. Also the liberal-nationalists Eulenberg, Stresemann and such reactionaries as Thyssen, Chancellor Prince Buelow and others. Of course the liberals prevail, those with a reddish tinge overwhelmingly. If the book was really written by Mr. Crippen and not by a group of refugeees with intricate inside knowledge, the author is to be complimented for his ability in shedding his American background and donning a European mind to a degree that borders on the miraculous. His partisan history, which in many instances reflects the German fellow-traveler's mind, is, although incomplete and one-sided, built on carefully chosen facts and historical evidence—selected to make certain points. Not all his samples are good, some of the writers rather cheap and not worth much in the literary field. He has practically no blame for the communists and their fatal rôle during the Weimar period, but, in true party-line fashion, a great deal for the moderate socialists, and he has honest disapproval for all reactionaries.

The author's methods are quite typical of the extreme left; e.g., he ridicules President Ebert (not that I excuse him) by calling him ironically "imperial" chancellor, a mere trick of translating literally and maliciously the word *Reich,* which is not necessarily an empire headed by a monarch. When the chancellor of the new republic signed his name thus, it was certainly not out of sympathy with monarchy. Ebert's fear of "revolution" was a very real fear of chaos. He had just witnessed what happened in Russia. That does not make him a monarchist, whatever his other shortcomings. There are dozens of instances which show the bias of the author-compiler.

In Prince Buelow we have a typically cunning and mean reactionary. Heartrending stories told in his gloating and disgusting manner can only make us feel that the German radical, red or pink, was a decent, naïve chap compared with those who abused the kindheartedness of the common man and flaunted their titles and fur coats in the face of exasperated and hungry crowds. Men of his ilk paid and paved the way for Hitler. That the noble effort of Weimar, which the author condemns as "deliberate and artificial," was doomed to fail, with people whom Buelow represents on the right, the relentless followers of Moscow on the left and a government of defeat in the middle, is easy to see now. The only way out the author seems to suggest, unless he admits that Hitler was right, was the system of endless purges and experimentation tried by Russia. In Weimar a sincere, idealistic and weak minority tried. If they failed, the fault was certainly not all theirs. Soon dishonest stooges of the right and the obstruction of the left bogged down an organization that had been improvised in catastrophic days.

With all these reservations in mind and with due warning, we still feel that this book should be read widely to produce a catharsis in our minds, to challenge and to reformulate our views on the German enigma. To read the Weimar constitution, Hitler's radical social program, the revolting memoirs of Buelow and Thyssen—and all this against the background of facts—is a good cure for set mind patterns. There are a few errors which cannot be corrected here. The author follows the now-accepted policy of misrepresenting Chancellor Bruening and of smearing his character. He carefully avoids calling any living author a communist and while he unveils most pennames, he gives us the Viennese Pollack as "Heinz Pol," etc. More than in the manifesto of the German underground which is neither authenticated as such nor above suspicion, I rejoice in the names of such stalwart women as Johanna Klinger, Ernestine Schmiedel, Sophie Metzger, Frieda Krautz and Frieda Siefert, all of Koenigsburg in Prussia, who, according to the local paper, went to jail for six years in 1943 in the beautiful month of May "for having sheltered in their homes Jewish children whose parents had been deported to Polish concentration camps. The five women," God bless them, "pretended that the Jewish children were their own. Moreover, the women kept in touch with the parents of the children and had even sent them food." Thus the French clergy, the Serbian partisans, the Norwegian underground and all the valiant martyrs of freedom in Europe have at least five companions, right in the heart of Prussia. I hope the occupation armies will find them and appoint them leaders of a new German womanhood. Their names ought to be on file!

H. A. REINHOLD.

Our Civil Liberties. Osmond K. Fraenkel. Viking. $3.00

IT'S a rare Monday these days which doesn't find the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States washing their linen in public—a very human, if unprecedented, sight, which to most of us poor mortals must be consoling, but which to others is anything but dignified. To make matters worse, some of the Justices have taken

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to reversing themselves without so much as an apology to the lower courts, whose confidence in the value of legal precedents is thereby said to be shaken.

Mr. Fraenkel's book will make it clear that, at least in the delicate field of civil liberties, the justices of the highest tribunal of the land have disagreed in the past, with results far less ominous than those predicted by some as a by-product of the current "disunity" of the court. As a matter of fact, one gathers that it has been all to the good for your liberties and mine that precedents have not always been held too sacred.

Mr. Fraenkel's book will not give you a definitive answer to the delicate constitutional questions involved in the Montgomery Ward case of recent memory, for the very good reason that there probably is no such answer—nor will there be until this or a similar case is brought before the Supreme Court for final adjudication. Nevertheless, the book, for all its brevity and sketchiness (twenty-five separate and formidable constitutional questions discussed in 259 short pages) will give you a gentleman's knowledge of the whole broad field of civil liberties, with enough of constitutional and legal history thrown in to provide the necessary background. Above all else, it will convince you, if you still need to be convinced, that "it must not be supposed that it is easy to be free."

The problem of civil liberties, of course, involves a delicate balancing between the freedom of the individual and the security and welfare of the community, a judgment about which honest people may reasonably be expected in many instances to disagree. If Mr. Fraenkel himself has a prejudice, it's probably on the side of the angels. He would prefer to have too much freedom rather than too little. In some instances he wants more freedom for the individual than perhaps you and I would be willing to allow, but be it said to his credit that he seems willing to grant as much to his enemies as to his friends. Again, Mr. Fraenkel subscribes with perhaps too much, not to say with naïve, confidence to the theory that a lavish diversity even in such essentials as religion is in the best interests of society.

What Mr. Fraenkel's "philosophy" of law is it would be difficult to say merely on the basis of his book. The reviewer would suggest that at least a few of his *obiter dicta* are, if not alarming, at best confusing. For example: "We do not tolerate free speech for particular groups or individuals because we care about giving them, as such, any right at all, but because we know that free discussion of public issues is essential to a free people. It is from the latter point of view that the problem of anti-democratic groups must be considered."

In the final analysis, the problem of safeguarding civil liberties to which Mr. Fraenkel, as a director of the American Civil Liberties Union, has devoted so much energy is one which extends beyond the wording of the law. In the words of Justice Jackson: "Civil liberties had their origin and must find their ultimate guaranty in the faith of the people. If that faith should be lost, five or nine men in Washington could not supply its want." Mr. Fraenkel's book will tell you what five or nine men in Washington have said or are saying about civil liberties. But what about the "faith of the people"? Exit the lawyer; enter the philosopher and (if I may) the theologian!

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

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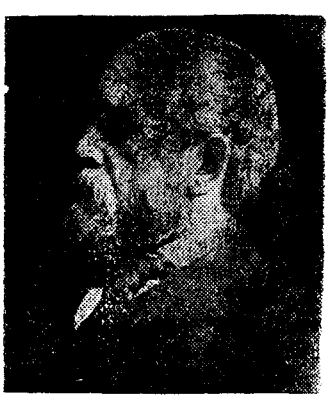

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School and Church: The American Way. Conrad Henry Moehlman. Harper. $2.50.

THERE is a growing sentiment for the teaching of religion in the schools, and the pressure is coming from dozens of sources. The concern over juvenile delinquency has probably been the greatest factor of the past year in pushing the movement. It is so very easy to say that there ought to be religion in the schools, but how many who think that is the way to solve numerous problems are aware of the difficulties of such a procedure? Professor Moehlman has taken hold of the issue with both hands in "School and Church" and he does a remarkable amount of tugging for such a small book. In refuting the arguments for religion in the public schools and in defending the non-sectarian public school the author covers the field of practical difficulties and theoretical objections, based on the principle of separation of church and state. He also includes a good deal of valuable historical information on the relationship between church and state in America from 1620 to the present.

Unfortunately, Professor Moehlman is not content with having both hands full. He undertakes a handbook of theology as well. He sits confidently in supreme judgment on all Christian creeds. He is master of the higher criticism of the Bible. He is the authority on the true meaning of Christianity, which is not the dogmatism of particular sects but a spirit of values, perhaps best expressed today by American democracy. But these digressions do not destroy the timeliness and importance of the book, and it would be a mistake to dismiss it as a diatribe. No Catholic would disagree with his principal point that sectarian differences make it impossible to teach the Bible or formal religion within the framework of the American public school.

Many Catholics would agree that "release time" instruction by ministers of the various faiths is ineffective and that the privately supported parochial schools have failed, since Protestants never provided more than a small per cent of their children with parochial schools and Catholics at the high point with less than fifty percent. Thoughtful Catholics would also agree that the American public school is far from "godless," though the author may be a bit enthusiastic in asserting "the public schools are the principal instruments for the perpetuation of religious values among us." Nor can his practical argument be ignored that the public school campus has been one of the principal areas in American life "where religious and racial tolerance is cultivated."

Professor Moehlman has presented an effective case against bringing religion into the public schools. But he fails to point out that it is vastly different to talk about religion in the public schools and state support for religious schools. For Catholics, at least, that is the issue today. This problem does not involve the issue of separation of church and state. Rather, it is a question of who has prior rights in education—parents or state—and whether the parents have a right to state tax support to educate their children in schools which satisfy their consciences. Although the author devotes a chapter to Catholic parochial schools, he does not discuss this argument, except to comment on the cost of such an arrangement. Perhaps it is because Catholics have never seriously demanded justice for their schools in this country. Until Catholics are determined enough to insist upon the only practical means (tax aid) by which the wishes of the Church can be fulfilled (every Catholic child in a Catholic school), Professor Moehlman cannot be too severely criticized for failing to give space to it.

EMERSON HYNES.

Durable Peace. Ross J. S. Hoffman. Oxford. $1.75.

The Constitution and World Organization. Edward S. Corwin. Princeton. $1.00.

THERE is much to be said for the view that a distinction must be made between a short-sighted nationalistic program for the peace and one which coincides with the true national interests of the United States. In fact Americans who are strongest for World Government, in order to establish their case, must demonstrate conclusively that such a development will be primarily to the interest of the United States. Idealism in international relations cannot succeed without a realistic foundation.

In "Durable Peace" Professor Hoffman prides himself on his realistic view of matters. He places the security of our nation and the preservation of our American traditions as the first among our war aims. He is in favor of limiting our commitments to the possible in order to avoid a new wave of disillusionment.

A sample of his "realism" is found in his attitude toward Russia, which he believes must be kept as an ally at all hazards. In order to do this he is willing to make every sort of concession as to Russian frontiers, where we have no vital interests, except that he believes that we must not give way regarding Poland.

He is strongly persuaded that the secret of keeping the peace lies in regional federations. One of these includes the US, Western Europe, the British Isles and Brazil; another would revolve around the Mediterranean, with a restored Italy playing a leading rôle; a third would be Danubian, leaving out Poland and Rumania in order to obtain the consent of Russia. In the Far East Professor Hoffman is quite insistent that we do not interfere with any Russian claims in Manchuria, Outer Mongolia or Sinkiang. For we must never be faced in the Pacific by a combination of Russia and Japan. He would destroy the mandate system and replace it by outright colonies plus autonomous states.

Finally, Professor Hoffman, on the grounds of national self-interest, opposes "grandiose and utopian schemes for universal federation, for a world state, or for some mighty international power that would commit us to policing the globe." In place of this he would have us "organize the peace of the Atlantic community," to take the suggestion of Salazar of Portugal. Curiously enough he regards Mr. Churchill as a "progressive." The chief questions his book raises are how far we should go in stretching our principles to appease Russia and whether regional organization of the postwar world will be enough.

Professor Corwin in his little volume assumes United States participation in a world organization. He shows rather conclusively that the special treaty-ratifying power of the Senate goes back to the time when our few Senators were expected to discuss these matters directly with the President. He sees no constitutional or historical reason which would justify the retention of the two-thirds majority required for Senate ratification of treaties. In fact he believes that the United States should not be limited in any way from deciding in the ordinary legislative and executive fashion to "enter an international organization for the promotion of peace." EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

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The Inner Forum

Plea of French Bishops

THE PARIS and Vichy radios on May 14 broadcast an appeal to the Cardinals and Archbishops of the Catholic Church in the United States and the British Empire to intervene against indiscriminate bombing and on behalf of the civilian populations of France and the other countries of Europe. Cardinal Liénart of Lille, Cardinal Suhard of Paris, Cardinal Gerlier of Lyon and Archbishop Chollet of Cambrai, Secretary of the Standing Committees of the Cardinals and Archbishops of France, joined in making this appeal.

"Brothers: The bombardments which at present affect France fill our hearts with sadness and anxiety. Nearly every day we learn of cruel ravages among the civilian population, caused by the air war led by the Allied Powers. Thousands of men, women and children, completely stranger to the war, are killed or wounded. . . .

"Churches, schools, hospitals are destroyed—a sight which is always painful, a sight which many of us have contemplated in our own country, a sight which is now known to the great majority of Europe, even to the city of Rome. Therefore, eminent brothers, we believe it our duty to address this appeal to you. In the name of so many victims we must ask you to intervene with your respective Governments that the civilian populations of France and Europe should be spared as much as possible. We are convinced that with more care military objectives will not be confused with humble dwellings in neighborhoods sheltering women and children.

"The Pope, in a pathetic appeal to the whole world at Christmas, 1942, has already stated that aerial warfare has destroyed without discrimination, or at least without sufficient care, towns, goods, health, dwellings and buildings of welfare and prayer. We believe, revered fathers, that our towns, and objects of art, and our churches in particular, should be spared. . . .

"Act, we fraternally beseech you, with the responsible chiefs so that this procedure of warfare is no longer used, this method which blindly strikes innocent crowds and scars the face of the fatherland, and so risks to engender between nations hatred which even peace will not be strong enough to allay. Venerated brothers, we ask Our Lord Jesus that your hearts be moved and we believe that your voice will have effect and relieve the sufferings caused to thousands of innocents who patiently wait for Providence, the good-will of mankind and their rulers to bring the blessed hour of peace."

CONTRIBUTORS

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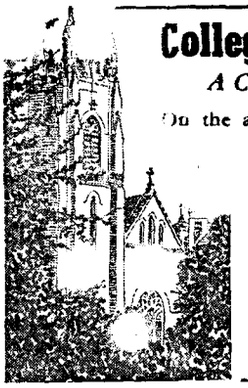

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